

3rd G of Replace V Translation

 chippokenabokura.tumblr.com/post/87284121923/3rd-g-of-replace-v-translation

I've realised that I am probably getting more worked up over this whole translation thing than it needs to be. So I've decided to stop overthinking it. Work has been kind of stressful recently and translating Replace V has been a great way to destress. So that's what I'll do. Worse comes to worst, there's more than one translation in the fandom; not exactly the end of the world.

My plans after this are: 1st G, 5th G, then 2nd G because Haizaki's one is super depressing and I kind of want to leave it for last orz I was originally going to do the Seirin chapter first but thinking about translating Izuki's puns makes me want to cry. So.

Anyway, please enjoy the Ogiwara and Kuroko chapter. In which Ogiwara cooks and Kuroko is a grandma's boy (like a momma's boy but with a bigger age gap).

Their Summer Vacation

In the park at dusk, Ogiwara Shigehiro tilted his head in doubt as he noted to Kuroko Tetsuya, "You seem a bit different today, Kuroko."

"Eh?" Kuroko, who had been about to go after the fallen basketball, stopped and turned. "What do you mean different?"

"Dunno. But something's different!"

In the face of Ogiwara's insistence, Kuroko's eyebrows set in a bothered frown.

"I got it!" Ogiwara shouted as he saw the frown. "You look kind of happy today!"

"Eh?"

"Just a little bit, your mouth is smiling!"

As if in confirmation, Kuroko brought a hand to the mouth that Ogiwara had pointed at so strongly. Not forgetting to warn him, "You shouldn't point at people, my grandmother said."

Touching his lips softly with his fingers, Kuroko asked Ogiwara, "I was smiling?"

"Yeah. Just a tiny bit!" Happy with the discovery of a slight change in Kuroko who never really changes expression, Ogiwara puffed up his chest in pride.

"Is that so..." Kuroko thought for a moment, then said, "I think it is because I am feeling festive."

"Festive? Why?"

In the face of Ogiwara's puzzlement, Kuroko – instead of just smiling – showed him a grin. "Tomorrow is the start of summer vacation after all."

That's right, because it is summer vacation.

The first summer since Kuroko Tetsuya and Ogiwara Shigehiro met.

The biggest event for a primary school child is about to commence.

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July 23rd.

Early morning in the park, Ogiwara and Kuroko joined their voices together. "Ready, go!"

At the same time, they showed each other the aerobic exercise cards hanging from their necks.

The time is 6.40am. Just after they had participated in the radio aerobic exercise event that only occur during summer vacation.

In the cards the two had brought out, both had four participation stamps.

"Huh!? Kuroko, you have perfect attendance!?" Ogiwara blinked in surprise at Kuroko's card.

"I told you, didn't I. I have been participating properly," Kuroko said a little reproachfully.

Ogiwara laughed awkwardly. "Sorry. I couldn't find you at all even though I looked every morning. I totally thought you weren't coming."

"I was participating properly. Although the person who stamps these often miss me..."

"As expected... You've got it pretty hard."

"But there's a good side too." According to Kuroko, he was late today; but when he tried to get a stamp anyway, he was instead apologised to as the stamper thought they had missed him again.

"Not fair! That's cheating!?"

In the face of Ogiwara's objection, Kuroko responded nonchalantly, "It is the fruit [tamamono] of my daily endeavours."

"It's only the fourth day of summer vacation!! That's not enough to become a normal person [tadamono] of daily endeavours!"

"It is not normal person [tadamono], but fruit [tamamono]. And I was only a little late."

"Oh really?" As if in sympathy with the still unaccepting Ogiwara, the cicadas start to sing.

It was only one at first, but the others joined in, and soon the park reverberated with the chorus of cicadas. Spurred by the cicadas that sing of regret for the free time running out for the two – not (neither of them are children sensitive enough to notice that), but just having come across it in his mind, Ogiwara said as he picked up the ball at their feet, "It's not the time for that! You're up for this right?"

"No, my plan for this morning is doing homework."

"Ehhhh, you're already doing your homework!?" Ogiwara involuntarily dropped the ball. "Does your school give that much work...?"

"Hm, just some drills, reading response, and a research project."

"That's the same as ours. Just do it all at the end! Let's play basketball today!" Ogiwara invited him again, but Kuroko's mind was set. This morning would be spent on looking for a book at the library for the reading response and he would not budge.

Even though they've only known each other for a short while, Ogiwara knew about Kuroko's obstinacy and gave up

knowing there was no point.

This time it was Kuroko who enquired timidly, "Ogiwara-kun, what are your plans for this afternoon...?"

"Hmmm, I haven't decided yet, but probably not homework."

"If it is okay with you, will you teach me basketball this afternoon?"

"Of course!"

Kuroko smiled happily at Ogiwara's ready consent.

No matter what is said in the end, they ended up playing basketball together every day.

It was becoming the routine for their summer vacation.

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August 3rd.

In the sinking sun, the surface of the pool glittered.

The public pool was teeming with the local children, and the unceasing waves diffused the reflection on the surface nonstop.

Ogiwara and Kuroko, who had been playing basketball in their usual park all morning, came to the pool with the idea of occasionally doing something that wasn't basketball.

"In this situation, it is more like soaking in the pool than swimming in it." Kuroko said bewilderedly with his back to the pool wall. But Ogiwara, in contrast, was grinning widely.

"Wouldn't it be fun to swim through the crowd?"

Widening his eyes for a moment, Kuroko dropped his head in contemplation. "...I see. I have learned something from Ogiwara-kun's outlook." He nodded.

Ogiwara, who was about to kick the wall, gauging the right timing to start swimming out into the crowd, looked up at Kuroko. "Ugh, do you plan on doing homework here too?"

Kuroko shook his head at the grimace Ogiwara was wearing. "I did not mean that kind of study. Just that Ogiwara-kun's way of thinking is a good reference. I was feeling a bit uncomfortable with this crowd, but if I reversed my perception like you, I might be able to find this fun, I thought. That is important."

Ogiwara lifted an eyebrow. "Huh...?" he agreed vaguely. This book-loving yearmate often notices things that Ogiwara didn't, thinks on them, secretly understands them, and accepts them. "You're always thinking about complicated things."

"Not at all. I just thought it would be interesting."

"Nah, usually people wouldn't think of that kind of stuff. Well, that's what's interesting about you!"

"Is that so."

"That's right!" Ogiwara smiled brightly. "Let's swim to the middle. If we go there, there'll be less people." So saying, he kicked at the wall and started swimming, Kuroko hurriedly chasing after him.

In the future, Kuroko's ability to weave through the crowds might or might not be able to be attributed to playing in the pool with Ogiwara.

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August 16th.

Having poured their hearts into basketball all morning, the two finally noticed that it was past noon when their stomachs started to growl.

Even though it was okay when they hadn't realised it yet, once they did, the emptiness in their stomachs only grew stronger.

Ogiwara was all ready to take out his lunch immediately, but was stopped by Kuroko and sent to the nearby water fountain to wash his hands before coming back to the bench.

Kuroko opened the lid of his lunch, the sweet and sour scent hitting both of their noses.

"You got inari-san! Looks yum!" Ogiwara's eyes sparkled as he peeked at Kuroko's lunchbox. The inside was lined with plump, golden yellow inari sushi.

"Grandma fried the tofu, and then mother made the sushi for me. I see that you have riceballs." Kuroko looked over at what Ogiwara had spread over his knees. The cylindrical riceballs were wrapped completely in seaweed.

"Yeah. I made them myself today!"

"Is that true!? That's amazing...!" Widening his eyes, Kuroko stared at the riceballs. Looking closely, the riceballs were a little deformed, telling the tale of Ogiwara's hard fight.

"Wanna swap one?"

"Yes, definitely." Replying immediately to Ogiwara's invitation, the riceball and sushi were passed between them.

Kuroko stuffed his mouth with a big bite of the riceball. "It's delicious...!"

"Really? That's great!"

"You can tell, the rice was pressed properly. I tried making this too before, but the rice was too hot to hold and it fell apart."

"Yeah yeah! Freshly cooked rice is really hot! I waited until it cooled a bit before making it, but mum says it doesn't taste good that way."

"I wonder what the difference is?"

"Well...?" Ogiwara bit into a riceball. "Hmmm, it's a bit hard...?" he said dubiously.

The conversation as they ate was ceaseless. What they saw on TV yesterday, what they got for their birthdays, what books they read. It was always Ogiwara speaking and Kuroko listening, but neither of them had a problem with that. It was a perfect balance for the two of them.

Eventually, the topic moved to their summer homework. Even though he had been avoiding this topic the whole time, with summer vacation entering its second half, it had become unavoidable obstacle. "This is bad; I haven't started any of it..."

“Not any of it?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Is that so...” Kuroko replied solemnly in the face of such clear affirmation. “In that case, there is nothing for it but to do it,” he asserted decisively.

“I know that, but I got no motivation. Like the research project, I can’t think of anything for it.”

Like a salaryman drowning his cares in drink, Ogiwara downed the tea in his bottle in one gulp.

“I wonder what you can do...”

The two fell into silence for a while, before Kuroko gave an “Ah!”

“What is it?”

“What about riceballs?”

“Eh, but there’s none left?” Ogiwara looked down at the lunch mat spread out on his lap. His handmade riceballs were all gone, and all that’s left was the aluminium foil that was used as wrap.

“Have ‘how to make riceballs’ as your research project.”

“Huh?” Ogiwara said stupidly.

Prefacing his explanation with an “Listen.” Kuroko said, “Examine the difference between riceballs made with freshly cooked rice, and ones made with rice that had cooled and then summarise your findings. You can also add others like using rice that was refrigerated and then warmed up, this will give you lots of variables to bring into a project.”

“Hey, that sounds kind of fun!”

“It will also provide you with riceballs for lunch. You can kill two birds with one stone, I believe.”

“I see! That’s good! Nice going, Kuroko!” Ogiwara beamed, the problem that had been hanging over his head resolved all at once. “Right, the problem’s solved! Let’s play basketball!” Jumping up with his hands in the air, Ogiwara ran towards the court.

“Ah, please wait.” Kuroko raised his voice after him, but Ogiwara did not stop. Left behind, Kuroko scratched at his cheek, troubled. “I wanted to tell him he had something on his face...”

Against skin that had been heavily tanned by the midsummer sun, grains of rice sparkled whitely on Ogiwara’s cheeks.

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August 25th.

Nearing the end of August, the end of summer vacation was also drawing near. Unable to let even one moment of their limited time be wasted, today too Kuroko and Ogiwara were zealously playing basketball.

As dusk fell, tugging at the neck of their sweat-laden t-shirts, the two made their way to the corner store near the park. Dropping in the store after basketball had also become part of their routine this summer vacation.

“Here, look!” Ogiwara presented a rod-shaped snack to Kuroko, who had diligently tested all the snacks stacked together in the narrow shop. “It’s pear flavoured maiubou!”

“Amazing...! It is hard to imagine the taste.”

“I’m picking this! What about you?”

“It’s hot, so I’m thinking of choosing ice cream.”

“Ice cream! Nice, should I get that~ But, I’m also interested in this maiubou...”

Although both would be best, a consultation with the contents of his wallet revealed that buying two a day was something he had qualms about.

Ahhh, ooooh, but~ Ogiwara moaned at the complication.

“I will choose the kind that splits into two, so we can share if you want?” Kuroko offered modestly.

‘Eh, is that okay!?’

Kuroko nodded his head.

“Let’s share the maiubou too. Then it’s fair!”

Thus they were able to taste both to their satisfaction, but the pear flavour was unexpectedly plain and left them with half-hearted impressions.

“I’d have liked a bit more punch to it.”

“Yes...”

Finishing off with the usual dance of Kuroko pointing out the snack crumbs around Ogiwara’s mouth, the two started walking towards a certain place.

The day’s routine did not end with the corner store.

Walking along the shopping district, they finally stopped in front of the sports goods store.

“It’s great, isn’t it...”

“New ones look so pretty...”

Looking into the shop window, Ogiwara and Kuroko sighed in envy.

On display were a brand new basketball and a pair of shoes.

For both Kuroko and Ogiwara, the adult-sized, official-looking goods were the ultimate aspiration.

“This is reaching its limit too,” Ogiwara said as he looked down at the ball in his hands.

Ogiwara’s personal belonging, the ball that had supported their basketball frenzy all summer was, as expected, getting worn out. The entire surface had been rubbed to the point that it was not an uncommon occurrence for the ball to slip from their hands even while dribbling. Even a part of the surface was starting to tear.

“A new one is quite a lot...” Kuroko leaned his forehead against the shop window, looking at the price tag in front of the ball.

It was not an amount attainable to primary school children unless they saved their allowance substantially.

“I should have asked for a basketball for my birthday!” Ogiwara said regretfully, at his wits’ end. This month had been

his birthday, in which he had received a mountain bike. That too cost quite a bit of money, making it hard to ask for a basketball as well.

"Let's patiently save our money. I will also do my best."

"If we can buy it with that, it'll belong to the both of us!"

"Yes." As the two came to a decision, the automatic doors in front of the shop opened.

"I'll be back," A man said sociably as he walked out of the shop.

Behind him came a strained laugh. "Next time, bring that daughter you're so proud of."

Waving in reply, the man noticed Ogiwara standing in front of the shop window. "Oh? What are you doing, kid?"

Not expecting to be greeted, Ogiwara dropped the ball in shock. "Ah!"

The ball bounced away, stopping against the man's foot. "Oh, a basketball." The man grabbed the ball with one hand, rubbing at the surface. "Haha, it's all smooth."

To be able to hold the ball with one hand was like a dream, both children staring at the man in respect. But with the man's back against the sun, they could not make out his face.

"Don't drop it now," the man said as he sent the ball back to them.

Ogiwara caught the ball in his arms, and Kuroko said gratefully, "Thank you very much."

"Whoa!? There was another one!" Finally noticing Kuroko, the man was taken aback. "Well, what were you two...ah, is that how it is."

It was enough to look in the window to know their objective. The man stopped his question in the middle, getting the gist. The feel of the smooth ball gave a graphic account of the connection. "Well, nothing wrong with a little investment."

"Eh?" the two responded to the man's mumblings.

Ignoring it, the man took out a certain something from the bag with the sports goods store's logo hanging off his shoulder. "Here, take this," he said, throwing a brand new basketball to Kuroko.

"Eh, this!?"

"Yeah, that. That's what you wanted, right. A ball."

Ogiwara and Kuroko looked at each other. "Is that okay?"

"Yeah, Keep it a secret from my wife, okay? ...not that you guys would get it." It seems the man smiled.

Kuroko pressed the ball between his hands to make sure, his entire palm filled with the feel of a brand new ball. "A new ball...!"

"Waaaaah!! It's a new ball!!! Wow!!" Ogiwara too, jumped about the place in joy. "Awesome! Awesome! Thanks, mister...huh?" Ogiwara opened his eyes wide.

Kuroko did the same. At some point, the kind man who had given them the new ball had disappeared. Looking at the ball in his hands, Kuroko sighed, "Is it really ok, to accept this." Although the tone was hesitant, the hands held on to the ball firmly as if they didn't want to let go.

Ogiwara nodded strongly from beside him. "It's fine! He said he's giving it to us!"

"That's true." Kuroko showed a smile overflowing with joy at his words, hugging the ball tightly to himself once again. "Ogiwara-kun, let's play a bit of basketball right now."

"Eh, really? I was about to say that too!"

"The two of us really get along in this area, don't we."

"Yeah! Alright, race to the park!"

"Yes!"

The two ran off, racing each other.

As if regretting the ending of summer, the cicadas started singing.

But to the two running side-by-side, there were no thoughts of regrets.

Even if summer ends, they will surely still play basketball together.

And someday, they would stand together on that spacious court.

The cicadas sang all the louder.

The summer that song was heard in conjunction with the sounds of weeping, was a future not far from now.

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So that ended ominously. But just think, in another universe Ogiwara and Murasakibara could have become great snack friends :’D

[Replace V] 4G: A Certain “Sixth Man’s” Break

 somnia.tumblr.com/post/85586972840/replace-v-4g-a-certain-sixth-mans-break

The rooftop of Rakuzan High School’s North Building.

That’s my reserved seat during lunch break.

The other buildings obviously have rooftops too, but I wouldn’t think of going anywhere but here.

It’s been a little over two years since I’ve entered Rakuzan High School. The results of the comparative investigation of each building’s rooftop indicated that the north school building’s roof has the least amount of wind and is the quietest, and so it’s the most suitable for reading.

Previously, I’ve been asked by my classmate, “Mayuzumi, why are you so particular about the rooftop?”

If it’s just for reading, the courtyard, cafeteria, or even the library would be fine, but the reason my legs take me to the rooftop is because of outside influence after all.

The thing that influenced me is this book that I’m also holding now, a light novel.

In the LN that I like to read, the rooftop appears as a very important spot.

The characters of the story would find unknown objects, meet the mysterious transfer student, and reveal secrets, all on the roof.

I think it’s because this has happened so many times that my legs naturally take me to the roof.

Just because I do that doesn’t mean I want to find unknown objects, or meet a mysterious transfer student.

At the end of the day, it’s all fiction.

For me, it’s good if I could just enjoy a story that I like on a quiet rooftop. That’s what I had thought.

~

“Oh, it’s Mayuzumi-san!”

Following the lightly echoing voice, I only glanced up from where I was sitting to see the rooftop door open and Hayama Kotarou walking over.

With lithe muscles like a spring, this guy even walked as if he’s hopping.

“...Anything you need?”



(source: [coffeetasty](#))

"Not really, don't need you for anything."

Speaking of which, his tone with me was also light.

It's commendable that he's calling me "Mayuzumi-san", but that voice doesn't have the respect for a "senpai". It's more likely that he sees me as a new toy that was tossed onto his field.

Well, I'm not surprised.

Being instructed by Akashi on Misdirection and joining the regulars as the only third year, I must be a curious toy to them.

Having said that, I'm not big enough of a person to just laugh off that kind of treatment.

Hayama looked around him restlessly and asked, "Know where Ei-chan is?"

Even though he said he doesn't need me for anything, yet he's asking.

"You need Nebuya for something?"

"Yeah. Got a message from Akashi— I thought he'd be here but guess I got it wrong—"

"Tch." Hayama pouted, linked his arms behind his head, and glanced down at my book.

"Mayuzumi-san is reading? What're you reading?"

"Even if I tell you, you don't look like you'd be interested."

"Waah you cut me so completely, this guy."

Perhaps taking offence at my blunt reply, Hayama suddenly turned around and grumbled "That's 'cause I don't read books" as he went back into the school building.

Like always, he fell easily to provocations.

On the rooftop that returned to silence, I was turning the page relieved, when I suddenly realized something. Though it was on a whim, it's rare for him to be interested in me.

~

"Oh my, you really are here reading."

Upon hearing the voice, I sighed inwardly. Somehow there's a flood of visitors today.

Without looking up, I called out the name of the other person who appeared on the roof.

"What's up, Mibuchi."

"I heard from Sei-chan that you're always reading here. So I came here to see what kind of place it is."

He came out of his way for that?

When I tilted my head up to look, Mibuchi Reo was looking around the area with a frown.

"The scenery isn't exactly great and it's not an amazing rooftop. Oh no, on top of that, isn't the sunlight strong here? I'll burn."

As Mibuchi was yapping away and complaining, I noticed a book nestled under his arm, and my brows knitted together as well.

"Could it be...that you came here to read?"

"That's right. I heard that you came here to read everyday so I thought it'd be a nice place, but I'm disappointed."

That's good. Or else the beauty of this place, "the emptiness", would get spoiled.

"What kind of book do you actually read?"

Though I wanted him to hurry up and leave, curiosity came over me and when I asked, Mibuchi chuckled.

"Poetry. I'm really into it now."

It was an unexpected answer. For a 2nd year high school boy to like poetry is quite sentimental.

"Whose poetry do you read, for example?"

"Right now I'm reading [Heine](#). He's a love poet."

As he said that, Mibuchi took out his book and kissed the cover. Is he for real.

"It's my dream to someday recite poetry for a wonderful person I've met."

Mibuchi was smiling away, but in my life of half a year longer than his, I've never met or heard of "a girl who takes delight in poetry recital".

What kind of timing would you use for poetry recital in the first place?

While more and more questions arose and I was in mental agony, Mibuchi turned back.

Just as I was thinking that he's finally leaving... he looked over his shoulder with his hand on the door. He stared at me with cold, piercing eyes.

"It's fine to read but it's better to work on your strength a bit. Your stamina is overwhelmingly not enough. It'll drag us down during a match."

It looked like he's talking about my reading leisurely during lunch break. Leave me alone. Even like this, I've been properly coping with Akashi's special training menu.

Having said that, I didn't plan on using that as my come back.

When I didn't say anything, whether Mibuchi took that as consent or thought it was wasted effort, he continued on his own.

"After school today, practice with me a bit. I want to get used to Misdirection more. I'm counting on you."

Mibuchi unilaterally made that arrangement – no, command – and disappeared behind the door.

The door shut with a bam and Mibuchi's presence faded away as he went down the stairs.

"Hehh..... it's rare that he'd ask for a favor with practice."

The voice came from above.

On the rooftop entrance, a figure sat up abruptly.

"It looks like there's a message from Akashi." I called out as my eyes went back to the book.

"Looks like it," the figure laughed and jumped down from the roof with the power that matched his large body – Nebuya Eikichi.

"That was unexpected. I thought for sure that you'd rat me out to Kotarou." Nebuya spoke cheerfully as he cracked his neck.

"Not really. I just thought that if I told Hayama that you were there, it'd get unnecessarily loud."

"Haha, for sure. Well, just in case, I want to say thanks. 'Cause of that, I got the time to digest."

Just as he said that, a resounding burp echoed. If you want to say thanks, then don't belch.

Right after lunch break began, he exclaimed "I ate too muuuch" as his pot belly bulged out, but it looks like he's finished digesting. His metabolism is just too good.

"Though, I didn't expect Kotarou to come here to look for me. I heard from Akashi that it was a good little secret spot."

".....Akashi?"

"Yeah. He said that during lunch break, you're the only one here so it's quiet."

I see. No wonder so many people have been coming today.

I lifted my head up from the book and looked at Nebuya.

"Is it okay not to go listen to Akashi's message?"

"Yo I know even if you didn't say anything. I'm going now. Wait, where'd Kotarou go?"

"Cafeteria."

"Huhh?"

"When you think about his appearance and the time, he must've gotten tired of looking and was thirsty. He probably took a break in the cafeteria."

"If it was to buy a drink, the vending machine would work too ya know?"

"Hayama's goal is to find you. If he goes to the cafeteria, he could look for you and buy a drink."

"Hehh....."

Nebuya looked interested in my suggestion and narrowed his eyes.

"You're getting used to watching people. If you're right, I'll buy you lunch next time."

"No thanks."

When I answered immediately, Nebuya laughed in amusement and left the rooftop.

~

The rooftop door opened.

“Akashi?”

“So you knew,” acknowledged the person who arrived. He wasn’t particularly surprised when I asked without looking up from my book.

The other moved to come closer so I stuck in a bookmark, closed my book, and raised my head.

Akashi Seijuurou was looking down on me.

“Anything you need?”

“Yes. I was wondering if you’re liking the new play style.”

“There aren’t any issues at the moment.”

“That’s good. Because I plan on having you participate actively from now on.”

As the replacement for the Phantom Sixth Man?

I didn’t ask that, but somehow it seemed like he read that from my expression and chuckled.

“What will create a new era is a new style. You have enough talent for that. However, a style that ignores the old model will come apart easily. Only when you know the old, is there meaning in the new.”

“I know. That’s why like I was told to, I haven’t been neglecting my people watching. You didn’t have to bother leading the ‘Uncrowned Generals’ my way.”

Akashi’s eyes crinkled softly at my answer.

“You’re clever.”

I thought it was strange that all three “Uncrowned Generals” came to look for me one after the other.

It was all as a result of this guy leading them here nonchalantly.

In the end, it was to let me observe their daily behaviours and to increase the effectiveness of my Misdirection.

Just as Akashi had intended, I observed them without thinking.

“For you, I mean to have you be equal to any ‘light’. And so I thought it’d be better for you to have contact with them, but it looks like that wasn’t necessary.”

“.....For you means, different from the old model?”

“From the beginning, Tetsuya built a deeply trusting relationship with his partner, the ‘light’. Therefore, he was able to dedicate solely to making him shine as the ‘shadow’.”

Kuroko Tetsuya – The Phantom Sixth Man.

When he said that name, the sharpness of his eyes grew a bit more pointed. Maybe he doesn’t like how the power that he discovered is being used against him. Or is he being cautious to that difference.....?

Without noticing, I was clenching my book tightly. Why am I getting worked up?

I'm me. I'm different from the old model.

"I'm going back first. See you after school."

Akashi showed me a smile and turned back.

I gazed at his back that was unexpectedly small for a basketball player.

Even if the undefiable Lonely King shows his expectations, he won't hand over his trust.

After all to Akashi, I'm also no more than one of his shogi pieces.

Because this is about my kouhai who's a first year high school student, he's one hell of a monster.

"Of course the rooftop is the place to meet aliens," I said sarcastically to myself as the sound of Akashi descending the stairs trailed after him. Then I also stood up.

It's a bit earlier than usual but I'll go back. I have practice after school too. If I take a short nap, I'll feel more refreshed.

While I was in the middle of mulling it over, I came to my senses with a "hah".

This is like I'm a student who bets his youth on basketball practice.

Even though I thought I wasn't the type to get hotblooded.

While I feel it's unpleasant to be a shogi piece, even so the current me who thinks basketball is fun exists.

".....I see. Like an alien, he opened the door to a different world (to a me that I don't know)."

I chuckled. Without cynicism or being philosophical, the corner of my mouth quirked up. As if to challenge someone.

Because the "door" has been opened, it's not a bad idea to stay until the very end.

My legs stopped and I looked up to the sky.

The sun that Mibuchi complained about was shining.

My eyes closed to the bright light. As we head into summer, the sunlight grows stronger and I could feel it on the back of my eyelids.

Summer is coming.

It's probably because my official match debut is coming up that I remembered my impatience.

To have the thing I gave up on to become reality, as expected my heart is pounding.

I opened my eyes and opened the door.

From here on out, is a happy ending waiting for me or am I pursuing a cruel fate? In the end, the only one who knows is that Lonely King.

*

Translation notes:

- 1) The light novel he's talking about is [A Clockwork Apple and Honey and Little Sister](#).
- 2) You'll get the references to the rooftop when you read the [bonus chapter](#) from that light novel. :)
- 3) Different world: The kanji says "different world" but it has "a me I don't know" beside it. What Mayuzumi really means is that he's discovering a whole new him due to Akashi offering him this opportunity. This is further evidenced by Mayuzumi being surprised at his own feelings toward basketball. Maybe he was meh about it before.
- 4) The alien reference for Akashi is in that light novel chapter. hee hee
- 5) Lonely King: According to [jcmindwell](#), the editors of Jump used this name for Aomine in one of the chapter blurbs! Here is another parallel between Akashi and Aomine (whether it's unintentional or intentional is up to interpretation).
- 6) Pronouns used:

Hayama -> Mayuzumi - anta

Mayuzumi -> Hayama - omae

Mibuchi -> Mayuzumi - anata

Mayuzumi -> Mibuchi - anta

Nebuya -> Mayuzumi - anta

Mayuzumi -> Nebuya - anta

Akashi -> Mayuzumi - omae

Mayuyu gets no respect lmao